BEWSEY,

A POEM.

.....LAUDO RURIS AMOENI
RIVOS, ET MUSCO CIRCUMLITA SAXA, NEMUSQUE.
HOR. EP. X. LIB. I.

WARRINGTON,
PRINTED BY W. EYRES,
FOR J. JOHNSON, N°. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.
.....
MDCCXCVI.

TO

RICHARD GWILLYM, Esq.

HIGH SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF LANCASTER,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM

(OF WHICH HIS RESIDENCE IS THE SUBJECT)

IS

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT

INSCRIBED

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

WARRINGTON, *March* 18, 1796. THE AUTHOR.

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BEWSEY.

WHILE Poets, touch'd with PHOEBUS' ſacred fire,
In ſtrains renown'd, ſweet as the charms they paint,
Have ſung of GRONGAR, or of COOPER'S HILL,
My humbler Muſe with fond delight ſhall ſtray
To ſcenes familiar; to this peaceful ſpot,
Leſs fam'd perhaps, but not leſs dear; ſhall ſing
Of thee, O BEWSEY, and, with raptur'd eye,
Hang on thy rural charms, and ſylvan ſcenes.

HERE, from the ſummit of this riſing brow,
I gaze around, and while yon gaudy Eaſt
The God of day bedecks with ſtreaming gold,
Thro' dewy miſts, which at his glad approach
Diſſolve away, the widening proſpect view.

O! may the ſtill ſerenity around
To ſober thought attune the temper'd mind,
And make my ſong in ſweeter numbers flow.

COME, meek-eyed Contemplation, hither lead
Thy fair attendant, ſweet Tranquillity,
The nymph, whoſe winning ſmiles, and placid mien,
Drive from the pleas'd and ſympathetic breaſt
Each rude emotion: at her look ſedate,
Care flies precipitate, and leaves the heart
Alive to every calm, congenial joy.
O! come, and breathe into my humble lay
A penſive caſt of thought, a ſerious vein
Of melancholy ſoftneſs, not too ſad;
Such as will ſerve to ſooth, but not depreſs.

SEE, where yon venerable manſion rears
Its aged front, in rude majeſtic ſtate
Tow'ring; and ſuch as erſt our artleſs Sires,
More ſtudious of convenience and of eaſe
Than labour'd elegance, admir'd and priz'd:

Emblem,

Emblem, perhaps, of their plain, honeſt minds,
Which cheriſh'd more the charms of innate worth,
Than all the tinſel glare of outſide ſhow.
As yet the bold Corinthian had not learnt
To rear in ALBION's untaught iſle the head
Magnific; nor as yet, with ſimpler grace,
Th' Ionian, or the Doric pile aſpir'd;
Uplifting domes, proud-ſwelling, to the ſky.
But yet to him, whom, fond of rural eaſe,
The ſober Goddeſs Contemplation loves,
Theſe walls, imbrown'd by Time's all-changing pow'r,
Yield more delight, than all that modern Art
With oſtentatious hand can now diſplay:
For theſe ſolicit the enraptur'd mind
To meaſure back Time's diſtant track, and view
Ages, when, here tho' Science had not dawn'd,
ASTRÆA pleas'd had left again the ſkies,
Among our Sires with Innocence to dwell.
When, tho' the Arts ſcarce deign'd to caſt a look
On this ſequeſter'd iſle, yet here were found

The manly virtues, Honour, Valour, Truth,
Show'ring their influence thro' this favour'd land,
And in the ſtraw-built cot content to ſtay.

PERHAPS in yonder arch'd, time-hallow'd porch,
Round which the creeping woodbine, fragrant, twines
Its fondling branches, there has muſing ſat
Full many a Hero (in thoſe warlike times
Each was a Hero) who with gen'rous glow
Has view'd his fields, and garden's ſimple pride,
With no parterres adorn'd, or thrown his eye
Acroſs the landſcape, while his country's love
(Such as the bold CARACTACUS might own)
Swell'd in his breaſt, and fir'd his haughty ſoul.

YONDER have dwelt (if Hiſt'ry claims belief)*
Thoſe, who in days of Chivalry have ſhone

* The Botelers or Butlers, who formerly reſided here, were a very ancient and honourable family, as appears by Dugdale's Baronage, vol. I. p. 653. and alſo by Camden's Britannia, Leigh's Lancaſhire, and Bolton's extinct Peerage; in the laſt of which authors it is ſaid, ſpeaking of Butler,

"Several of that name, of Beauſy near Warrington, were ſummoned to parliament by the title of Baron Butler of Beauſy, in the reigns of Edward the firſt and Edward the ſecond."

Conſpicuous

Conſpicuous in the warlike Tournament;
And to th' admiring circle have advanc'd
On richly-mantled ſteed, his lofty plumes
Nodding defiance, as he pranc'd along;
While to the trumpet's animating ſound
His louder neighs re-echoed; on his back
The valiant Champion, clad in dazzling ſteel,
Rode, proudly-ſtern, and with gigantic arm
Wielded the glitt'ring lance's maſſy weight.
Not leſs intrepid has his eager Foe
Enter'd the liſts, when each, his lance quick-couch'd,
Spurs to the hoſtile fight his ardent ſteed,
Impatient: both with equal ſtrength endure,
Firm in their ſeats, the firſt impetuous ſhock:
Again, with force redoubled, they renew
The fierce aſſault, till ſhiver'd thro' the air
The uſeleſs weapons fly. The fight revives;
Forth from the thigh the burniſh'd ſabre ſprings
Inſtant, and, wielded with a mighty hand,
Flames broad and horrid, as upon the creſt

Of

Of the leſs ready foe it ſudden falls:
Unable to ſuſtain the furious blow,
Prone to the ground the vanquiſh'd hero ſinks;
And thund'ring plaudits rend the echoing ſky.

Such ſports as theſe, Britannia, once were thine,
When all thy noble youths, ambitious, ſtrove
In feats of arms to ſhine, train'd and inur'd
To warlike deeds: taught by their valiant Sires,
Arms were their ſole employ, their ſole delight.

But every Good (ſo certain Fate has will'd)
Owns its attendant Evil; for from hence,
As time roll'd on, ſprang jealouſies, and pride,
And civil diſcords: Friendſhip's ſacred leagues
Bow'd to their darling paſſion: neighb'ring pow'r
Excited envy; envy fancied wrongs;
And theſe were but the prelude to a ſcene
Of ſtrife and bloodſhed, malice and revenge.
Ev'n here the contemplative eye may trace
Marks of this martial genius; for behold!

Throughout

Throughout is laid a ſyſtem of defence.
Built on an eminence, in caſtle-form,
Securely proud, yon ſolemn pile commands
The ample view around; the moat, deep-fill'd
With ambient waters, bays approaching foes.

But yet th' hiſtoric page records a tale,
Crimſon'd with blood, when ev'n theſe ſtately walls,
As yet uninjur'd by the ſhocks of time,
Could not the ſword of maſſacre repel
From their own guarded Lord: for civil ſtrife
Bade here dark Murder his fell poignard ſteep
In the defenceleſs breaſt.* A hireling band,

At

* The following is a copy of a manuſcript in the Bodleian library, which will illuſtrate the above, and the circumſtances that follow.

"Sir John Butler K^t. was ſlaine in his bedde by the procurement of the Lord Standley Sir Piers Leigh and Miſter Willm. Savage joining with him in that action (corrupting his ſervants) his porter ſetting a light in a window to give knowledge upon the water that was about his houſe at Bewſey (where your way to **** comes) They came over the moate in lether boats and ſo to his chamber, where one of his ſervants named Houlcroſte was ſlaine being his chamberlaine, the other baſely betrayed his maſter, they payed him a great reward and ſoe coming away with him they hanged him at a tree in Bewſey Parke; After this Sir John Butler's Lady proſecuted thoſe that ſlew her huſband and **** £20 for that ſuite, but being married to the Lord Grey he made her ſuite voy'd for which reaſon ſhe

parted

At dead of night, when Nature ſunk to reſt,
And ſleep ſecure had theſe proud tow'rs diſarm'd,
Hither inſidious ſtole. Their dread deſigns
Baſe-creeping fraud forewent, and bribery ſped.
For from yon window of old Gothic form
Beam'd light perfidious, ſet by venal hands,
Guiding their ſilent ſteps. The guardian moat
Saw wond'ring its ſtrange paſſengers, borne o'er

parted from her huſband and came into Lancaſhire ſaying if my Lord will not let me have my will of my huſband's enemies, yet ſhall my body be buried by him and ſhe cauſed a tomb of alablaſter to be made whe ſhe lyeth on the - - hand of her huſband Sir John Butler.

The occaſion of the murder was this.

"King Harry the ſeventh being to come to Latham the erle his brother-in-law ſent unto him a meſſage to deſire him to weare his cloth at that time; but in his abſence his Lady ſcorn'd that her huſband ſhould wayte on her brother being as well able to entertain the king as he was, which anſwer he took in great diſdegne and proſecuted the ſaid Sir John with all malice that could be and amongſt other things the ſaid Sir John had a ferry at Warrington which was worth 100 marcs by the year unto him there being no bridge: and the erle coming to go to London the ſaid Sir John would not ſuffer him to paſs but forced him about by Mancheſter, whereupon the erle bought a piece of land of one Norris of Warrington by which means he was priviledged to ********** on the other ſide and ſo builded a bridge at Warrington on both ſides being his own land and the ſaid Sir John Butler after the bridge was builded did notwithſtanding exact and take toll and tax of all paſſengers as before whereon the erle cauſed the king to make it free; on that and ſuch like diſcontents they tooke armes againſt one another: and Sir Piers Leigh and William Savage that ſided with the erle made ****** upon Warrington heath which were to be ſeen not long ſince before the incloſing of the ſaid heath: ſo in the end during the uprore they corrupted his ſervants and murdered him in his bedde. His lady at that inſtant being in London did dream the ſame nyght that her huſband was ſlaine and that Bewſey hall did ſwym with blood, whereupon ſhe preſently came homewards and heard by the way the report of his death."

In

In ſtranger vehicles. With Fancy's eye,
There do I ſtill behold the taper ſet,
With treaſon big, blue-gleaming on the wave:
There too, again I view, aghaſt, the band
Of grim aſſaſſins, murder in their looks,
In ſilence croſs the glimm'ring lake, and hear
Yon maſſy door hoarſe-creaking on its hinge,
By trait'rous hands ſlow-drawn.---Ah! there, behold!
The nightly raven, ſcreaming, flaps his wing,
Portending death; and hark! within, the ſound
Of claſhing arms, horrific, ſtuns the ear!
Ah! liſt the dying groans, the fearful ſhrieks,
The hollow-trampling feet, the murd'rers' ſhout,
That, mingling in one horrid echo, bid
Ev'n Fancy's ſelf, wild-ſtarting, ſhrink appall'd!
Tradition tells, a faithful Negro brav'd
Singly their ſavage rage, and bold oppos'd
Their paſſage to the room, where thoughtleſs ſlept
His dearly honour'd maſter, till at laſt,
O'erpower'd by numbers, and o'erwhelm'd with wounds,

Alas! he nobly fell. Their reeking hands,
Unſated yet, had ſtill to execute
Deeds of black import, and dire ſchemes of blood:
For ah! unarm'd, and in his bed ſurpriz'd,
Vilely they butcher'd the devoted Lord!
Meanwhile a ſerving maid, with pious guile,
Bore in her apron, artfully conceal'd,
The infant heir; and, many a danger brav'd,
Sav'd him uninjur'd from the ruffian's ſword,
The Negro's valour fav'ring her eſcape.*

For thee, brave Champion of thy houſe, for thee,
(Thou proof that virtue grows in ev'ry ſoil)
Thy truth acquir'd a place in death, deſerv'd
In life ſo well, for by thy maſter's ſide
Sleep thy remains, in honour and in peace.†

* This, as well as that the heroic ſervant above-mentioned was a negro, though not ſpecified in the Bodleian MS. is traditional in the neighbourhood.

† This faithful domeſtic, as the laſt earthly reward that could be paid him, was interred with Sir John and Lady Butler in the family vault, in a ſmall chapel belonging to them within Warrington church, which now belongs to the Athertons of Atherton, and in which the figures of the unfortunate Knight and his Lady are repreſented in alabaſter lying on a tomb ſtone, adorned with curious ſculpture; and in a niche in the wall is a figure of the Negro, in a recumbent poſture, of black ſtone, or ſtained compoſition.

Ah! that no laſting monument proclaims
To after-times the place, the righteous place,
Where died the pelf-won traitor, ſlain by thoſe,
Who ſpurn'd the guilt by which their own prevail'd.
Such is the pow'r of conſcience! villains ſee
With juſt, unbiaſſed eye what's fair or baſe,
Where no thick clouds of ſelfiſh paſſion dim
Th' impartial, native mirror of the mind.

Ah! may no more the murd'rous hand defile
This rev'rend ſpot, or civil Diſcord's rage
Moleſt the quiet of theſe hoary walls!
No longer form'd to mix among the ſtrifes
Of factious war, or meddle with its cares,
They ſeek to ſpend their ſacred age in peace,
And claim no guardian Genius but the Muſe:
For now no longer do we dread the pow'r
Of hoſtile envy or contentious pride.
Far happier times are now: theſe uſeleſs tow'rs
Sink to decay; vainly the broad, deep moat

Enfolds the manſion in its circling arms,
Save only to reflect the azure ſky,
And beautify the ſcene. O'er yonder bridge
Leaning with pliant angle in my hand,
Oft in its waves I've eyed my dancing float;
There eager waited, till the greedy perch,
Pendulous, ſtruggled on my waving line;
Or gaz'd delighted on the ſnow-white ſwan,
Smooth-ſailing on the deep, while, as he view'd
His form reflected in the glaſſy plain,
Moving in ſlow majeſtic ſtate along,
His arching neck ſeem'd conſcious of its grace:
Nor yet unfriendly to the muſing mind,
Or void of pleaſing impulſe, was the ſight
Of yonder little iſle, where ſat his mate,
Brooding with pious fondneſs o'er her eggs,
Her neſt with wicker all around ſecur'd;
There unremitting would ſhe waſte the day,
The tedious day, with fond maternal care,

Till,

Till, burſting from the ſhell, the callow young
Her anxious toil repaid; her cygnets then
With native beauty gliding by her ſide.

Who, reſting underneath the ſpacious ſhade
Of thoſe twin pines, that on the graſſy mount,
In tow'ring majeſty upborne, on high
Stretch wide their mingled branches, can behold
The rural beauties of the ſimple ſcene,
And not be charm'd? O'er yonder ſloping lawns,
Whiten'd with grazing flocks, the eye can trace
Awhile the windings of the ſmooth canal,
Till, hid among the ſhades of gloomy woods,
And lonely dells, its courſe is ſeen no more,
Save that the glimmering ſail, between the trees
Slow-gliding from afar, its path betrays.
Amid the diſtant meads, and peaceful vales,
A ſhelter'd farm is ſcatter'd here and there,
Whoſe ſmoke ſtrait riſes to the ſky. O'er all

The

The village church on yonder upland brow
Lifts faint its leſſen'd ſpire, from whence the ſound
Of bells harmonious, on th' attentive ear
Now ſwelling, fading now, ſalutes the dawn
With jocund muſic. Stretching far away
Beyond, the diſtant hills, whoſe trees and tow'rs
Dimly appear, veil'd in a purple miſt,
The rural proſpect cloſe. On th' other hand,
Far roves the eye acroſs the dewy plains,
Whither yon hoar, time-tott'ring caſtle rears
Its crumbling ruins on the rocky hill,
Of Norman LUPUS once the warlike meed.*
Where are its tow'rs, its battlements, its walls,
The proud defence of all the country round?
Ah! ſeen no more, ſave that a mould'ring pile,

* Halton Caſtle, which is ſuppoſed to have been built by Hugh Lupus, created firſt earl of Cheſter of the Norman line by William the Conqueror, who gave him "this whole county, to hold to him and his heirs as freely by the ſword, as the king himſelf held England by the crown." Such are the terms of the grant.

Lupus afterwards gave this caſtle to Nigellus or Neila, a Norman, when he made him conſtable of Cheſter by tenure and ſervice. Camden's Britannia, and King's Vale Royal.

Wrapt

Wrapt in the Ivy's ſtrong embrace, ſurvives
To tell the fate that waits all human things.

See! near yon ruſtic arch, that ſtrides the brook
Croſſing the trav'ler's path, the aged oak
Extends its with'ring branches o'er the ſtream.
Once, in the vigour of its youthful prime,
High 'mid the ſhades of its far-ſpreading arms,
Was form'd an arbour gay, with boarded floor,
And circling pales neat-faſhion'd: overhead
The covert denſe of intermingling boughs
Withheld the ſummer ſun, while whiſp'ring cool
The breezes wanton'd in the ruſtling leaves.
The mind reverting loves to think, how oft
There have aſſembled a convivial band,
Vot'ries of Bacchus, and while frequent bowls,
And toaſt, and ſentiment, paſs'd gayly round,
The ſong vocif'rous from Stentorian lungs,
And roar of merriment have echoed wide:

Or

Or when the gentler Fair have dar'd th' aſcent,
There forming a gay circle, met to ſip
The fragrant tea (if fragrant tea were known)
And as their ſofter voice in tender airs
Has join'd the warbling lute, the wond'ring thruſh,
And redbreaſt pleas'd have liſten'd to the ſong.
Under its ſhade, beſide its tangled roots,
Let me at eaſe repoſe; and as I gaze
Upward, and view what Time of theſe has left,
A ſtraggling pale, juſt ſcatter'd here and there,
Shall yield ſome uſeful leſſons to the mind.
Shall aſk me where are thoſe, who *there* have ſat,
Vot'ries of BACCHUS, the convivial band;
Or where the Fair, who ventur'd to aſcend,
Forming the ſplendid circle; who could charm
To duteous ſilence all the liſt'ning groves:
Shall tell me, their ſoft voice has long been mute,
Huſh'd in the ſilent grave; the roaring laugh
Ceas'd, ceas'd for ever; and that I myſelf

Muſt

Muſt juſt perform Life's little journey, ſoon
To reſt in kindred duſt, unſeen, forgot!

Hail! rural Solitude, thou nurſe of Thought,
Of ev'ry bard the treaſure and the praiſe!
None know thy worth, but they who feel the charms
That Nature ſpreads before them; who can ſpend
In ſilent muſing many a lonely hour,
Enraptur'd; who forſake the buſtling town,
And ſeek thy calm delights, with inward joy,
Such as he feels, who quits the loathſome damps
Of a dark cell for liberty and air.
'Tis here, in love with peace and rural ſcenes,
I can behold their beauties, and awhile
Abſtracted from the world and all its cares,
Can ſit, and view its hurry and its crowd,
Its dreams, and follies, with a tranquil ſmile:
For in the Country's peace and ſilent eaſe
I learn to lull each wildly-wand'ring thought
To ſweet compoſure: and altho' 'tis true

Society has comforts, without which
Life would be ſcarce worth owning, yet at times
I aſk no other friend to ſhare my hours
Than Contemplation: Nature ſure has charms,
That to herſelf can draw the willing mind,
And with it for a while hold converſe ſweet.

Hark! from the village ſpire, the clock's deep tone
Dies, murm'ring, thro' the air. And ſee! the maid,
True to the hour, with pail beneath her arm,
Trips o'er the dews of yonder verdant plain
To fill it with the kind, accuſtom'd charge.
Her cows ſtand gazing, as ſhe comes along,
Knowing her errand, and expect her hand,
Nought loth. The lark has wak'd her, as he roſe
Beſide her cottage window, warbling ſweet
His matin carols to the ruddy Sun,
Whom thus he hails. She hears him, and obeys.
The roſeate hue, that tints her blooming cheek,
She gains from ſcenes like theſe; Health's coral ſmile

Plays on her lip, and luſtre in her eye.
Say ye, whom, in the city's ſmoke immur'd,
The mournful bell, that tolls for noontide pray'rs,
Wakes with a fearful ſound, as o'er your cheeks,
Wan with your midnight revels, ye beſpread
The mockery of health, ſay, if your rouge
Equals the bloom that Nature here diſplays.

THERE ſee the mowers, to their half-done taſk
Early returning, jocund, o'er the graſs,
That yeſterday they cut: with ſtone well-ply'd,
Bending, they whet the clear-reſounding ſteel;
And now in order plac'd, ſtep after ſtep,
Slow-following, with ſucceſſive well-tim'd ſtrokes,
The ſcythe they brandiſh: falling at their feet
In ſemicircles wide, a mingled heap
Of ſeeding ſtalks and flow'rs of various hues
In wild confuſion lies, to bloom no more.
Meanwhile a num'rous train of men and boys,

And country maidens, bearing in their hands
The rural trophies, cheerfully begin
Their pleaſing toil, and ſcatter far and wide,
With airy toſs, the odorif'rous Hay;
Light burden! While as now the climbing ſun,
In ſplendour clad, pours forth his ſloping rays
Stronger, the field is all a moving ſcene
Of gaiety and buſineſs, mirth and toil.
Many the jokes, and frequent are the laughs,
Enlivening their labour: on the copſe
Of yonder hedge, where gay the wild-roſe blooms,
Is laid the copious can, with needful ſtore
Of liquor fill'd, and cover'd from the ſight
Of buſy flies. Full oft the heated ſwain
Thither is ſeen to pace, and from the cup
Firſt takes a long, deep draught: then to the fair,
Not aſking, but whoſe warm fluſh'd cheeks betray
Her thirſt, ſlow-carrying, preſents the cup
With awkward gallantry. Fatigued, the band

Awhile

Awhile repoſe: the ſun-burnt clown, robuſt,
Pulls on his knee his modeſt-looking fair,
Pleas'd, and yet half aſham'd: ah! happy he,
If from her lips he gains at laſt the kiſs,
With many ſtruggles won; nor is ev'n ſhe,
Tho' her diſorder'd locks with many a frown
Now ſhe adjuſts, diſpleas'd at heart to loſe
The fragrant prize ſhe wiſh'd not to withhold.*
She ſeeks not to enſnare a captive train
Of ſlaves, to grace the triumph of her eyes;
Nor, having won her lover's faithful heart,
To leave him, proud-exulting in his pains.
For him alone the riband gay is ſeen,
On Sundays ſtreaming in her hat of ſtraw,
Luring at church unwary eyes from pray'rs.
Still near her thro' the field he ſtrives to toil,
And oft, when unperceiv'd, they tell their love
In ſidelong glances: language ſweet! that ſpeaks

* *Dum* fragrantia *detorquet ad oſcula*
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitiâ negat,
Quæ poſcente magis gaudeat eripi. Hor.

In

In ſilence more than all th' affected fop,
Practis'd in Flatt'ry's arts, with oily tongue,
Pours in his vainer Fair's deluded ears.
Here 'tis, that Love beſtrews his pleaſing joys,
Unblended with his cares; for here no fears
Of rankling jealouſy diſturb the breaſt.
He *knows* his maiden true, as ſhe her ſwain;
And ſo ſhall each be prov'd, for HYMEN ſoon
In bondage ſweet ſhall join their willing hands.

BE kind, ye Southern Breezes! blow not yet,
Nor bid your train of gloomy clouds and ſhow'rs,
Unwelcome now, deform the tranquil ſky!
But let the frequent wain, unſtopp'd by rains,
Clear the dry hayfield of its duſky piles!

WIDE-SPREAD o'er yonder gently-ſloping hill,
The tender ears of the yet verdant corn
Wave to the breeze. There Plenty, ſmiling, ſpreads
Her copious horn, and bids Hope's wiſtful eyes

Beam,

Beam, void of anxious fear ; for ſoon the plain,
With ſummer fir'd, o'ercharg'd with bending gold,
Shall aſk the ſickle, and ſhall teeming crown
The Farmer's ev'ry wiſh, and ev'ry care.

HERE charm'd along the winding walk I ſtray,
Regal'd by grateful ſcents unnumber'd : there
Mark how the Jaſmine throws its graceful ſprigs,
Joining its fragrance to the op'ning Roſe ;
While, delicately gay, the varied ſhrubs,
Exotic, ſhed their mingled odours round.
Be laviſh of your ſweets, nor ſcorn to ſmile
In all the full luxuriancy of bloom ;
Deem not, that here unſeen, or unadmir'd,
Ye waſte your beauties on the deſart air ;*
For he, who claims your bluſhing honours, owns
A heart, alive to all your charms ; he joins,
With patriot ardour for his country's weal,

* Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air. GRAY.

Each

Each graceful virtue, and each lib'ral taſte,
Form'd to adorn the Scholar, and the Man.

THERE, at the entrance of yon darkling grove,
Whoſe cawing tenants wheel their buſy flight
With hoarſe and jarring notes, prone-rolling on
With broken waters, flows the rough caſcade;
Whence, with wild-daſhing noiſe, a ſilver ſtream,
Working its courſe in mazy haſte, at laſt
Bright thro' the greener moſs meand'ring glides.
There could I love to ſtay, embowr'd in ſhade,
Liſt'ning its murmurs, while the dewy ſtar
Of Heſperus ſoft twinkles thro' the trees,
Set in the treſſes of the modeſt Eve,
Slow-ſtealing on: while from her thin, grey robe,
Looſe floating on the air, behind her hangs
Her purple train of gradual-deep'ning ſhades.
What time the herdſman o'er the upland brow,
With folded arms, light-whiſtling, drives along
His ſlow-retiring groupe of lowing kine.

When

When too the Fairies on yon flow'ry lawn,
All dew-beſprent, their tiny dances weave,
By myſtic circlets of a livelier green
At morn betray'd. And when to thee, O Night,
Moiſt Eve, with fond reluctancy, at laſt
Reſigns the calm dominion of the world,
Duſky, yet fair, not in thy ſable gloom
Wrapt fearful, but in veſt ſerenely mild,
There would I ſtretch my weary limbs, and loſt
At once in pleaſure and amaze, ſurvey
The vault cerulean, thick-beſpangled o'er
With gems innumerable, ſhedding ſoft,
With luſtre meek, their kind and placid beams.
Lull'd by the purling ſounds, if *then*, perchance,
The hand of ſleep ſhould o'er my eyelids draw
The darkſome veil, creative Fancy ſoon
In dreams ſhould bear me to ſome craggy cliff,
That bends its rude brow o'er the ſtormy main;
And as I there, in airy grotto laid,
Scoop'd in the hollow rock by Nature's hand,

Th' expanded ocean view, the Goddeſs then
Shall change the babbling murmurs in my ears
Into the ſurge's roar, that breaks below.

Hence let me wander o'er the graſſy turf
To yonder aged wood, whoſe time-worn arms
Spread their romantic beauties, where, perhaps,
(Full many a year revolv'd) ſome untaught bard,
In whoſe rude mind a native fancy wild
And undirected ſoar'd, has lov'd to muſe,
And in incondite ſtrains uncouthly ſung
The Warrior's praiſe, or doleful ballad penn'd.
Alas! for want of art, that genius dies
Obſcure, unheeded, and for ever loſt!
So ſleeps the Diamond in its native mine
Unnotic'd and unknown, ere Art has lent
Its vivid poliſh, and call'd forth its flame.
The ſolemn ſhade, the ſtill and ſilent gloom
That mark its inmoſt bow'rs, where, cloſe-entwin'd,
The dark-green ivy claſps the aged Oaks,

MARO himſelf unwilling would have chang'd
For HÆMUS' gelid grots, and cool retreats.*
Here may the lover feed his penſive mind
In ſolitude congenial; white-rob'd Peace
Here with the Nymphs and Dryads loves to dwell.
With cautious ſteps along the moſs-grown ground,
I pierce amid its glades the thickeſt gloom,
Startling th' affrighted ſtockdove from her neſt,
Whoſe ſhrill ſhrieks echo thro' the wood. Here, ſooth'd
By the dark horror of theſe awful ſhades
To penſive Meditation, let me ſit,
And think how oft has o'er theſe mazes trod
Their fond poſſeſſor, who, in ancient days,
His toils for ENGLAND's glory left awhile,
Has deign'd to ſeek theſe cooling ſhades, perchance,
To deck ſome fav'rite arbour, with a hand,
That ev'n a Sceptre had not bluſh'd to fill.
What time contending Roſes, white and red,
Bade civil Diſcord wave her bloody flag

* ..... *O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ! VIR.

O'er ALBION's land, and all her ravag'd plains
With her own youthful heroes' blood imbrue;
When too the regal thunder ſudden burſt,*
And cruſh'd the ſolemn abbeys, cloyſters, fanes
Monaſtic, in one gen'ral wreck, yon pile,
Unhurt amid the ſtorm, beheld them fall.
While in the abbey's deſolated ſhade
The lonely owl, ſad-hooting, found a home,
And thro' its walls the hollow-moaning wind
Roar'd diſmal, Ruin frowning on its tow'rs;
While o'er the plain the ſorrowing minſtrels rov'd,
Lonely, dejected, from their dear retreats
Exil'd for ever, here, throughout the groves,
Their wonted ſongſters chanted hymns of joy,
And ſoothing requiems on the ear of reſt.

AND thou, O BEWSEY, in thoſe hapleſs times,
Haſt ſeen, when o'er the plains Confuſion wild
Upheld its horrid reign, and thro' the realm

* Alluding to the diſſolution of the monaſteries by Henry the eighth.

Fury,

Fury ran ſhrieking, in her red right-hand
Waving the torch of Diſcord, while her eyes
Flaſh'd terror; follow'd at her heels Affright,
All-pale, diſtracted; and where'er ſhe went,
Fell Devaſtation hail'd her, as his queen.
Then ſcar'd Religion her celeſtial face
Turn'd from the dreadful ſcene, and, o'er her fall
In ſorrow muſing, dropt a pious tear.
Yet ſoon ſhe ſmil'd again; again ſhe roſe
In fairer majeſty, and wide diffus'd
A purer luſtre o'er th' enlighten'd land.
As when in ſummer the conflicting pow'r
Of angry ſkies in tumult ſweeps the plains,
And ſtormy rains, and winds, fire, thunder, mix'd
Deal ruin round, and awe a trembling world;
No ſooner ends their rage, than thro' the clouds
Shines forth the radiant ſun; then all the fields
A brighter verdure wear, and thro' her tears
The weeping roſe with freſhen'd beauty ſmiles.
Thou, Bewsey, ſaw'ſt, when from the ſhackles freed

Of

Of ſlaviſh ignorance, and prieſtly pow'r,
Fair Science on our iſle began to dawn
Thro' miſts of ſuperſtition and deceit.
The fount of learning, which monaſtic hands
Watch'd with Heſperian care, nor gave to flow,
Now ſtream'd irriguous in a thouſand rills,
With genial tide enriching ev'ry plain.
The mind of man unfolded, as the bud
Which kindly ſuns expand into a flow'r.
Night's gloom retir'd, till gradual o'er the land
A flood of daylight pour'd its cheering rays.
Thou ſaw'ſt, in juſt gradations, ev'ry age
Improve in art and genius, till the gem
Of ſmooth refinement all its luſtre ſhew'd.

Now thou behold'ſt fair Commerce, all her fears
Giv'n to the winds that waft her, dare to roam
To ſouthern climes, that view their ſuns deſcend
On men yet rude, on manners yet unſchool'd,
Where never Science ſhew'd her face benign,

Or heav'n-born Genius ſmil'd. Thou ſee'ſt her fly,
Where northern ſuns prolong their feeble reign,
And vainly ſhed one unremitting day
To burſt the gates that envious Nature bars.
Thou ſee'ſt her on the boſom of the deep
Ride, proud-returning with the gather'd ſpoils
Of ev'ry country to enrich her own.
So when a ſhepherd, who has liv'd retir'd
In his own native vale, and ne'er has ſtray'd
Beyond the hamlet that affords him food,
If chance or buſineſs calls to roam abroad,
From ſome high hanging ſteep, amaz'd, he views
Lakes, rivers, cities, palaces, and tow'rs;
His thoughts expand, and having ſeen and join'd
The hum of men, he looks with other eyes
Than thoſe of late on his own humble cot,
And village church that once he deem'd ſo great.

Thou, venerable pile, through many an age
Succeſſive-rolling, haſt ſurviv'd to ſee

Theſe wond'rous changes, and ſurviveſt ſtill.
While thy contemporary manſions, fall'n
Around thee, moulder in the duſt unſeen,
Thou yet among us rear'ſt thy rev'rend head,
Fond-lingering; thou haſt brav'd the Tempeſt's rage,
The war of elements, the ſap of Time.
O! may'ſt thou yet long flouriſh, and thy age
Slowly decline, uninjur'd and in peace!
O! may'ſt thou ſee thy honour'd Founders' ſons,
Still as thou falleſt, o'er their fathers riſe
More brave and virtuous, as they are more free!

THE END.